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# square



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## Chapter 1 by ada

He watched as I dipped my feet into the water. Chills shot up my ankles like small needles. The sky was lit by a slow rising sun on the Oregon coast with different hues of orange, pink, and blue. Clouds broke up the harmony of colors with stark contrasting grays. He finally looked at my face and said one thing "Tace?"

## Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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